

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Tonz 'O' Gunz"

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped  
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act  
tons o' guns real easy to get  
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death  
tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays  
it's big money and you know crime pays  
check your nearest overpopulated ghetto  
they greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello  
mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that  
want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick  
kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz  
five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures  
it's crazy there ain't no time to really chill  
jealous motherfuckers always want to act ill  
22's 25's 44's 45's  
mack elevens ak's taking mad lives  
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation  
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation  
tons o' guns

tons o' guns you got we got they got  
the state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos  
i know a kid who just passed the other day  
they shot him sixteen times so there he lay  
you can pray for this shit to like cease  
but until then a nigga's going to pack a piece  
and yo the devil's got assasination squads  
want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god  
they got camps where they train they learn to take aim  
at a nigga like a piece of game  
and i'm not seeing that, them days are gone  
'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong  
so me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn  
fuck the bullshit pain and suffering  
i'm coming off with a foolproof plan  
as if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand  
i stand in the face of hatred  
letting off mad shots making devils run naked  
tons o' guns

tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped  
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act  
tons o' guns real easy to get  
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death  
tons o' guns but i don't glorify  
'cos more guns will come and much more will die  
why, yo i don't know black

some motherfuckers just be living like that  
they like to feel the chrome in their hands  
the shit makes them feel like little big man  
twelve years old catching wreck  
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check  
people get wounded, others they perish  
and what about the mother and the child she cherish  
the city is wild up steps the wild child  
tension anger living in danger  
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation  
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation  
tons o' guns